

YELLOWTHROAT AT AVRON'S

When we talk about nature, we're talking about things we can't hear, things that can't be seen. Across the walls are gardens where men listen to each other speak. They don't want food or even shelter, not when they can see questions being answered, the story unfold itself like a cautious snake. So these men wait for they know not what, revelations of nature, to jolt them from the living day-dream they uncovered but can't replace. And still the sense of life takes its toll on the imagination. Men are not stones to be counted. Neither are they needed to verify the facts. If only they would stand up and look at what's happening, they would see weeds ripping apart the concrete, birds hunting and fishing down to the last bird. They would see that time is merely their mind and its suggestion of death, that the past survives in its present form as each one of us must. There are not many roads, there is one. We are on it.

AMEN

The care of a man
is not the necessity
that care of oneself is.
Good motives spring
from clear sources
not dreams. Love
is a street
at the end of the nose
that few can see. You
have to push many
babies from your
past and present
before you can bear
watching someone else eat.
That's the humility
of knowing who you are.